THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—Rev. xxii, 14.

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MY FIRST MISSION.

BY PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON.

XIII.

MISSIONARIES FROM HOME — GOOD RESULTS OF THEIR PRESENCE AND LABORS — VOYAGE IN THE CANOE OF THE ISLANDERS—TRADITION OF THE NATIVES — A VISIT TO THE VOLCANO.

At the Fall Conference, 1852, held at Salt Lake City, nine Elders were appointed on missions to the Islands. They reached Honolulu in the month of February, 1853. Their names were, Benjamin F. Johnson, William McBride, Nathan Tanner, Reddin A. Allred, Redick N. Allred, Thomas Karren, Ephraim Green, James Lawson and Egerton Snider. These Elders were a great help to the Mission. Nearly all of them were men of experience. Their presence brought additional life and energy, the effect of which soon became visible everywhere. The most of them took hold of the work with zeal. They brought with them the copy of the revelation on Celestial Marriage, which was first published at the Conference at which they were called to go to the Islands. They also brought the spirit of the Conference with them, and we all felt the benefit of it. After their arrival the work received a great impulse on the Island of Oahu, and especially in Honolulu. That town was made alive with excitement, and large numbers were baptized. A Branch of white members was organized, over which Elder B. F. Johnson was appointed to preside. Elders Tanner and Karren were chosen as counselors to Elder Philip B. Lewis, the President of the Mission. Upon the Islands of Hawaii and Kauai, also, the work made great strides, and hundreds were added to the Church.

I omitted to mention that Elder William Perkins, who had been appointed on a mission to the Islands, reached there, accompanied by his wife and Sister John S. Woodbury, about the last of November, 1851. They remained for some time, laboring to the best of their ability. Brother Perkins was released to return home because of his wife's failing health.

For the purpose of visiting the Saints and people on the Island of Hawaii (the Owyhee of Captain Cook), I had occasion to sail to that Island in April, 1854. In those days money was very scarce with the Elders, and we had not the means to transport us from island to island on the regular vessels which sailed in those seas. I,

therefore, in company with several of the Elders, traveled, preaching by the way, through the hilly and rough country that lay between Lahaina and Kawaipapa on eastern Maui, a point considered the best to embark at to cross the channel to Hawaii. Our company consisted of Elder R. N. Allred, who was at that time presiding on the Island of Maui; Elder J. H. Napela, and four native Elders belonging to Maui, who had been appointed to labor in the ministry on the Island of Hawaii. Their names were Kaelepulu, Kapono, Hoopiiaina and Peleleu. The channel which we had to cross was at times very rough and dangerous, and many lives had been lost in it; but we had faith to believe that the Lord would preserve us in crossing, although our vessel was one that very few white men would care to venture out to sea in. It was a canoe hollowed out of a tree. Both ends of the canoe had boards fitted in as a sort of a deck, which was covered with mats. These mats were lashed to the canoe and made the top of the deck as round as a log and perfectly water-tight. You would think this deck a curious place to go to sea on, yet the native islanders were perched on both ends of the canoe on this deck with their paddles to row the canoe when the wind did not blow. In the centre of the canoe a certain space was left for us to sit in, and sides were formed by lashing mats to some poles that were raised above the edge of the canoe. In this place the natives had fixed plenty of mats, so that we could sit or recline, as suited us, very comfortably. Lashed across the canoe, were two poles, each a little distance from the end of the canoe. These poles extended six or eight feet into the water, and fastened to their ends was a board, which ran parallel with the canoe. This we call an outrigger; it was for the purpose of keeping the canoe balanced when the sail was hoisted. On these poles, when the wind commenced to blow, the islanders sat, easing up and bearing down, according to the strength of the wind, so as to keep the canoe from capsizing. The greater part of the time some portion of their bodies was in the water. But the sea has no terrors for the Sandwich Islanders. They can swim in the water for hours without being at all fatigued. When I looked at these men perched on the deck of the canoe, it looked like going to sea on a log; and had I not been familiar with the skill of the natives in managing their canoes, and had some confidence in my own powers as a swimmer, with them to aid me in the water, I should scarcely have ventured in such a craft as this was. We prayed to the Lord, before we started, to give us a pleasant and favorable voyage, and the natives said they had never had a more favorable time. We reached Upolu, on the Island of Hawaii, between three and four o'clock, having started from Maui about eight o'clock in the morning.

While upon this subject I may say that we returned to Upolu after our visit had ended, and again crossed the channel back to Maui, but this time we did not have a single canoe. One of the native Saints and his son had procured two new canoes, and had lashed them together as was the fashion in former days, for their chiefs, by fastening pieces of timber across both canoes, the latter being from four to six feet apart. This was called in their language *kaulua*. Our place to sit or recline was arranged between the canoes, by laying down boards and covering them with mats, making quite a comfortable floor for us to sit upon, and in the centre of this the mast was raised and fastened. As in the case of the single canoe, boards were fastened at the ends, with mats lying over them to keep out the water, making a deck to the canoe, while a small place was left in the centre of both canoes for some of the natives to sit, and, if necessary, bail out water. We left the four native Elders on the island, and brought away one with us, who was released from his mission to return to Maui. His name was Kailihune. Our return passage was rough a good part of the distance, as we had a good stiff breeze about two-thirds of the way across. Then the wind died out; but we prayed to the Lord for more wind, and our prayers were answered.

We were between six and seven hours in making the passage.

We traveled around the island, and visited the famous volcano, the largest in the world. Its name is Kilauea. Our party had swelled, including whites and natives, to about twenty in number. In addition to Brother Allred, there were of our party Elder Thomas Karren, who lived at Lehi, Utah Co., but who is now deceased; Elder James Keeler, who has lately returned from another mission to the islands, and who now resides on the Sevier; and Elder Egerton Snider, who has since died. Brother James Lawson, of this city, was also with our party, but having seen the volcano, he did not ascend with us. We had to go on foot, as we had no money to hire animals.

The Sandwich Islanders entertained a singular idea about the manner in which their islands came into being. Their belief was that the islands were brought forth, and that Papa, a woman whom they worshiped as a goddess, was the mother of them. The first-born, they think, was Hawaii, the nearest island to this continent, and the last born Kauai and Niihau. This Papa had a sister, they say, whose name was Pele. They worshiped her as a goddess, and even when we were there many still believed in her. They say she first lived at Kauai, and from there removed from one island to another until she took up her residence at Hawaii. They believed that her place of residence was the pit of the active volcano, and that there all the spirits of good chiefs and men went to dwell. The bad ones went, they believed, to a place of darkness in the centre of the earth, over which a god called Milu reigned. In former days the people threw the bones of some of their dead relatives into the volcano. They had the idea that if Pele was pleased with the sacrifice, she would consume the bones, and the spirit of the dead person would be permitted to return and be a familiar spirit to them, and be as one of the family. If the sacrifice was not acceptable, the bones were thrown out of the volcano.

The pit of the volcano is probably three miles across. There have been times when the whole bottom of the pit was one mass of lurid, seething fire. This must have been an awfully grand sight; but when we visited it, we found an immense field of lava which extended all around the pit, and which resembled, in many respects, the sea in its wave-like appearance. It might also have been compared to a field of shore-ice, from which the water had receded, leaving it shattered and cracked; in fact, it looked like a frozen sea, except that it was black as coal. In cooling it had cracked, leaving large seams, from which steam and heat issued. We found the pit in which the fire was raging to be about fifty or sixty feet deep; it was nearly round, and about one hundred yards across. The sides were perpendicular; the strongest heat seemed to be around the sides. On one side there were two large holes very close together, which looked more like the mouths of two very large furnaces than anything else I ever saw. Here the melted lava was in constant motion, surging and heaving like the waves of the sea. The sound which it made was somewhat similar to the paddles of a steam vessel in the ocean, only it was far greater. We heard this sound before we reached the mouth of the volcano, and it resembled, to our ears, the booming of heavy artillery at a distance. The lava kept flowing in the direction of these two holes of which I spoke, and rocks thrown down upon the surface of the lava would melt when near these holes like sealing wax held in a candle. It was surprising to see with what ease the fire would melt this stony mass of lava, which in some parts of the pit would cool on the surface, and convert it again into a fluid. Sometimes showers of hot lava would be thrown up in the air, and descend on the edges of the pit where we stood. When this occurred the bystanders would have to scamper off as fast as they could, or be severely burned.

The sight of this pit surpassed in sublimity and grandeur anything I had ever witnessed or imagined. It far exceeded what I had read in written descriptions, or even what I

expected to see. Language fails to convey to the mind a correct idea of its appearance. We were told that a party of natives had just been there, throwing the bones of one of their relatives into the volcano, with hogs, fowls, etc., sacrifices with which to gain the favor of Madame Pele, the goddess. For some years there had not been any eruptions from this crater which we visited; but others had broken out in the same neighborhood, the fire and smoke of which had been seen for a long distance, and ashes from which, it is said, had fallen on the decks of vessels hundreds of miles at sea. From these eruptions the lava had run down to the sea, sweeping everything before it, and heating the sea for several miles in such a manner as to kill large quantities of fish.

The Island of Hawaii is very frequently shaken by earthquakes, the effects of the hidden fires.

MORALITY OF THE MORMONS.

(Correspondence New York World.)

Salt Lake City, May 1.

I was walking yesterday up City Creek, when I became aware of an aged man seated on a stone by the roadside. His trousers were turned up to his knees, and he was nursing one of his legs as if he felt a great pity for it. As I approached I perceived that he was in trouble—(I perceived this by his oaths)—and getting still nearer I ventured to inquire what annoyed him. "Aged person," said I, "what aileth thee?" or words to that effect. But there was no response, at least not worth mentioning. He only bent further over his leg, and I noticed that his coat had split down the back seam. His cursing accounted for that; it was sufficient to make any coat split. And then his hat fell off his head into the dust, in judgment upon him. At this he swore again, horribly. By this time I guessed that he had been bitten by red ants (and they are the shrewdest reptiles at biting that I know of), so I said, "Bitten by red ants, eh?" At this he exploded with wrath, and looked up. And such a face! He had a countenance on him like the ragged edge of despair. His appearance was a calamity. "Red *ants*," said he; "red Indians, red devils, red hell!" and then relapsing into the vernacular, became unintelligible, but he ended up with "*this damned Mormon city.*"

Now here was a man, fairly advanced in years, fairly clothed, fairly uneducated. As I had never seen him before, he may have been, for all I know, "the average American" I so often see referred to. Anyhow, there he was, cursing the Mormons because he had been bitten by red ants! Of his own stupidity he had gone and stood upon an ant's nest, thrust his hippopotamus feet into their domicile, overwhelming the nurseries and the parlors in a common catastrophe, crushing with the same heel the grandsire ant and sucking babe at its mother's breast, mashing up the infirm and the feeble with the eggs in the cells and the household provisions laid up in the larder—ruining, in fact, an industrious community simply by his weight in butcher's meat. Some of the survivors promptly charged the intruding boot, and running up what the old man was pleased to call "his blasted pants," had bitten the legs they had found concealed in them. And for this "the average American" cursed *the Mormons* and their city!

The incident interested me, for apart from my sympathy with the ants, I couldn't help thinking what a powerful adversary to Mormonism this trifling mishap might have created. That man went back to his hotel—for he was evidently a "visitor"—a confirmed *anti*-Mormon. His darkest suspicions about polygamy were confirmed. His detestation of the bestial licentiousness of the Saints

was increased a hundred fold. He saw at a glance that all he had ever heard about the Danites was quite true, and much more too that he had never heard, but could now easily invent for himself. There was no need for any one to tell *him*, after the way he had been treated within a mile of the Tabernacle, of the infamous debaucheries of Brigham Young with his "Cyprian maids" and his "cloistered wives." Wasn't it as plain as the sun at noonday that the Mormons were in league with the red Indians, and went halves in the proceeds of each other's murders? In fact, to drop "the average American" and quote the editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, cannot anyone who is not a fool see that "Mormonism is simply a legalized system of prostitution, based upon perjury and fraud."

The ant-bitten man was a very typical "Mormon-eater," for such is the local name of those who revile Mormonism root and branch, because they find intelligent men opposed to polygamy. They are under the impression, seeing and talking to nobody but each other, that the United States in a mass, that the whole world, entertain an unreasoning, fanatical abhorrence of the inhabitants of the Territory, and share with them their mean parochial jealousy of the Mormon tradesmen and Mormon farmers who are more thriving than they are themselves. Here in Salt Lake City there is the most extraordinary ignorance of Mormonism that can be imagined. I have actually been assured by "Gentiles" that the Saints do not believe in the God of the Bible—that adultery among them is winked at by husbands under a tacit understanding of reciprocity—that the Mormons as a class are profane and drunken, and so forth. Now, if they knew anything whatever of the Mormons, such statements would be impossible (unless of course made in wilful malice), for even my slight acquaintance with them has shown me that in all classes alike the reverence for the God of the Bible is formulated not only in their morning and evening prayers, but in their grace before every meal; that so far from there being any exceptional familiarity between families, the very reverse is conspicuous; for so strict is the Mormon etiquette of social courtesies, that households which in England would be on the most intimate terms, maintain here a distant formality which impresses the stranger as being cold; that instead of the Mormons being as a class profane, they are as a class singularly sober in their language, and indeed in this respect resemble the Quakers. Now *my* opinions are founded upon facts of personal knowledge and experience. What, then, can I think of assertions to the contrary? I have only the alternative of excusing them as being ignorant or accusing them as being wilfully false. In charity I have done the former.

Of course it may be said of me here that as I am a "guest" of Mormons I am "bound" to speak well of them; that as I am so much among them I am hoodwinked, and "show the best side of everything," etc., etc. Against such argument, always the last resource of the silly, common sense is useless. "Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless." But this I can say—that I will defy any really impure household, monogamous or not, to hoodwink me in the same way—to keep up from morning to night the same unchanging profession of piety—to make believe from week to week, with such consummate hypocrisy, that they are God-fearing and pure in their lives, and to wear a mask of sobriety with such uniform success. And I am not speaking of one household only, but of several to which I have been admitted simply as being a stranger from whom they need not fear calumny. I do not believe that acting exists anywhere in such perfection that a whole community can assume, at a few hours' notice and for the benefit of a passing stranger, the characters of honest, kind-hearted, simple men and women, and set themselves patiently to a three weeks' comedy of pretended purity. Such imposters do not exist, and it is only want of intelligence, therefore, that can permit any one to say that a visitor can be made the victim of a gigantic conspiracy of fifteen thousand souls counterfeiting all together.

The very absurdity of such a supposition squashes it.

Women are impulsive — all the world says so, and "all the world," I suppose, *must* be right—and they are, therefore, it will be allowed, less susceptible of sustaining a very protracted imposture than men. But the only betrayals of themselves that I have yet detected in this widely laid scheme of deceit tend to show a "simplicity" that is very ludicrous to a new-comer from a more advanced community. For instance, I happened to say that in England great numbers of babies were "brought up on the bottle." "Yes," said a mother at the table, "*but they say they all die.*" Or, again, I mentioned the fact that in England most ladies take a glass of wine or beer at luncheon. "Then, I suppose," was the comment of a lady, "*they always sleep a little after it.*"

Now these two remarks prove at any rate that Mormon ladies are not familiar with either feeding-bottles or strong drink, as a rule—and to the intelligent mind they prove a great deal more besides. Children perhaps are even more liable to be taken off their guard than women. I would say in passing that even the Gentiles admit that the Mormon children ("poor things!") are exceptionally pretty "as a class," and I for one confess that they are delightful in many other ways. But this is by the way. My only object in introducing them here was to say this: I was sitting at a family dinner table soon after I arrived, and to the remark of my host apologizing that they never had any beer, spirit or wine in the house I had said. "In England I used to drink beer twice a day regularly, at luncheon and dinner. But in America Bass's ale is too expensive an indulgence for me, and I am gradually becoming a teetotaler." "And I should think," said a child of eleven or twelve, "*you are very thankful*, aren't you?" Quite apart from the ludicrousness of such a comment, the solemnity of the child's "*thankful*" was enough to upset any one's gravity.

Such trifles as these perpetually recurring every day have convinced me, and I believe will go some way towards assuring those who read my letters, that the charges brought by non-Mormons against Mormons are grossly false. What, for instance, can be the conclusion of any honest thinker from *this* fact—that though I have mixed constantly with Mormons, all of them anxious to show me every hospitality and courtesy, I have never yet been asked by one of them to go into a bar or to take a glass of strong drink? If I want a horse to ride or drive, I have a choice at once offered me. If I want some one to go with me to some point of interest, their time is mine. Yet it never occurs to them to show a courtesy by suggesting any of those (I must confess it) delightful but improper drinks which endear New York to the memory of every Britisher. Imagine a city full of people who have never imbibed the seductive cocktail!—a whole people sitting in darkness as to John Collins! Surely there is an opening here for philanthropy. Where is G. A. Sala with his admirable science in ravishing his blendings of delights? Where is Mr. Sam Ward with his divine secret of the real purposes for which the gods brew yellow Chartreuse? What a "Revelation" indeed *that* would be to this benighted people!

But, seriously, how can any one have respect for the literature or the men who, without knowing anything of the lives of Mormons, stigmatize them as profane, adulterous and *drunken?* As a community I know them, from personal advantages of observation such as no non-Mormon writer has ever previously possessed, to be at any rate exceptionally careful in maintaining the *appearance* of piety, purity and sobriety, and I leave it to my readers to judge whether such solid hypocrisy as this, that tries to abolish all swearing and all strong drink, both by precept from the pulpit and example in the household, is not, after all, nearly as admireable as the real thing itself. This, at all events is beyond doubt — that the Mormons have always struggled hard to prevent the sale of liquor in their town, except under strict regulations and supervision. But the fight has gone against them. The courts uphold

the rights of publicans to sell when and what they choose, and the Mormons, who could at one time boast — and visitors without number have borne evidence to the fact — that a drunkard was never to be seen, an oath never to be heard in the streets of their city, have now to confess that thanks to the example of strangers, they have both drunkards and profane men among them. But the general attitude of the Church towards these delinquents and the sorrow that their weakness causes in the family circle, are in themselves proofs of the sincerity in sobriety which distinguishes the Mormons. Nor is it any secret that if the Mormons had the power they would tomorrow close all the saloons and bars except those under Church regulation, and then, they say, "we might hope to see the old days back when we never thought of locking our doors at night, and when our wives and girls, let them be out never so late, needed no escort in the streets."

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING WORK.

Plato, the Greek philosopher, who lived four hundred years before Christ, left at his death an unprinted work on the history of Atlantis, the island in the western world where civilized man first flourished—which had been partially described by Solon, his ancestor, from traditions he had learned in conversation with Egyptian priests and sages. Plato's work has generally been considered merely legendary and mythical. But a volume has just been published by the Harpers, with the purpose of demonstrating that Plato's story is substantially true; that a remnant of an Atlantic continent was known to the ancients as Atlantis; that it was the true antediluvian world, the site of the Garden of Eden described in the Bible, and of the sacred gods of mythology; that the gods and goddesses of the ancient nations were exaggerated and confused representations of real persons on Atlantis; that it was the original seat of the Aryan, Semitic and Turaman races; that it perished by a convulsion of nature and was sunk in the depths of the ocean, only a few persons escaping who gave to the world the traditions concerning the flood, etc.

Plato's story is given in full. Then its probability is discussed and testimony is adduced from the sea and from the flora and fauna of the old world as seen in fossils recently discovered. The deluge as described in the Bible, and the various traditions of the flood are pressed into the service. A mass of evidence is collected from many nations, ancient men's inscriptions, hieroglyphics, relics, etc., from the eastern and western hemispheres, the pyramids of Egypt and of Central America, religious emblems, coins, pottery, weapons, implements, etc., in great number, with illustrations, are brought forward in a very interesting manner, and a strong argument is built up to establish the propositions laid down.

We do not pretend to accept the views of the author, Ignatius Donnelly, neither shall we attempt to deny or controvert them. The book is well worth reading, and contains a vast amount of useful information. Apart from the theory which it is intended to substantiate, and as a literary work, it is worthy of great commendation.—*Deseret News.*

As a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty-stricken home or the wealthy home. In this average home whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlor shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or a disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1882.

IT TAKES TIME.

THE American tourist, on landing at Liverpool, is immediately impressed with the solid and substantial character of his surroundings. His admiring gaze is greeted on every side, if not by the most elegant, certainly by some of the most durable specimens of architecture in the United Kingdom. The very pavements look as though they were put down for a thousand years, and as for public buildings, monuments and other notable structures, it appears as if little less than an earthquake could effect their overthrow. Nor could it in reality. These works were made to last. Care, labor and expense were freely employed in their construction, and plenty of time was also expended, in order that the work might be done worthily; that not only should its appearance attract the eye, but its strength and durability withstand the ravages of time and the elements. It takes time to do things well, or to be more explicit, it takes ample time to do things exceedingly well, and in paying practical heed to this maxim, the English people are probably unsurpassed by any other nation in the world. In the typical English home, the ideas of comfort and longevity universally prevail.

The reason why the American is struck with admiration at beholding this substantial evidence of the good sense of his trans-Atlantic cousins, is the same which impels most human beings to admire qualities in others, which they do not possess themselves. In the "land of the setting sun" there is no such thing as taking time to do anything. Speed is the predominant national characteristic. Everything possible is done by steam and electricity, and wherever these agencies are inapplicable, horse-power and man-power compete to supply their place. As an energetic and speculative race, the Americans undoubtedly lead the world, but their energy is largely of that dangerous kind which hurries things through, regardless of ways, means or results, while their speculative abilities are too often employed in the invention of things quite the reverse of beneficial to mankind. The idea of taking time to perform his work, or of resting for recuperative purposes, meets but little favor in the mind of the wide-awake American. Such things, in his estimation, are indicative of sloth and procrastination, and to evince their absence in his own composition, he delights to do everything with "a rush." He eats fast, walks fast, talks fast, thinks fast, works fast and lives fast generally. But he never was known to sleep fast, nor to digest his food properly. No wonder they are termed a nation of dyspeptics, "living at a dying rate." We do not in the contrast thus presented, pay any fulsome tribute to the English character. With all their virtues, they are not a bit better than they should

be, and the American, with all his faults, is ahead of them in various important particulars. But our desire is to indicate a fact—a fact which bears its moral, and which, however it may resemble flattery, is susceptible of easy proof by any intelligent observer. Time is an essential ingredient in the execution of any work, and the more of it that is used, if the opposite extreme is avoided, all the better will it be for the matter in hand. Haste proverbially makes waste, and in any hurried effort, it is almost invariably the case that what is gained in speed is more than lost in strength and accuracy.

But our main object in the selection of such a theme—which is capable of far higher illustration than the noblest which human handiwork can afford—is to call attention to the important truth that the Almighty is a being who believes in taking ample time to accomplish His purposes. Indeed, so evidently is this the case, that poor, weak, impatient humanity are frequently tempted to doubt His intention of fulfilling them at all. "The Lord delayeth His coming" was one of the proverbs predicted of the latter days, and that ominous sign of the times, the whirlpool of skepticism into which the human race is so rapidly being drawn, shows plainly that the proverb has nearly arrived at the zenith of its popularity. And yet, it might be asked, in what period since the creation, has the Almighty ever worked faster than He is working now? When did He ever evince a disposition to rush matters through, regardless of means or consequences? Ah, man! short-sighted, unreasoning man! Could your limited understanding but pierce the vail which shuts you from the contemplation of hidden mysteries on High; could your impatient eye for a moment rest upon the dial-face of the mighty horologe, whose rapid fingers are numbering over the cycles of eternity; could your unenlightened vision but penetrate the awful secrecy which envelops the designs of Deity, and comprehend the everlasting Wherefore, How and When—that verbal trinity upon which so much depends for its elucidation; then might your soul be satisfied that the Lord's time is the best time, and that His mighty purposes are even now advancing with irresistible force and celerity towards the goal of their successful completion. But it is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Eternal Father hath put into His own power; for no man, not even the angels in heaven, can determine the day or the hour when all things shall be fulfilled. We can only walk by faith, and this we must do, putting implicit trust in the Lord, and discerning by the shooting leaves upon the fig tree that the long expected summer is at hand.

It was once thought by the civilized world, and peradventure many may think so still, that the Maker of this earth accomplished the task of its creation in six ordinary days of twenty-four hours each, and rested from his labors upon the seventh. But science, as well as modern revelation, has utterly dispelled that theory, and proved conclusively that the all-wise, all-patient Architect of the universe is not in the habit of slighting His handiwork in any such manner. It is now known, and might have been known before—for even the old Hebrew Bible declares that "a day with the Lord is as a thousand years"—that the formation and preparation of this globe for the reception of its delegated lord and master, man, must have occupied ages in its accomplishment; and certainly the substantial character, stupendous

magnitude and magnificent appearance of the mighty miracle, furnish indisputable proofs of a bountiful outlay of time, and the admirable results which invariably spring from its unstinted utilization.

God takes time to do his work, because his work is destined to endure. He never made anything in vain, never created anything that would have to be destroyed on account of a defect in its organization. This world was made to last forever. It will be changed, dissolved, and purified, for that is a portion of the plan of its Creator, but it cannot be entirely destroyed. The "new earth" which we read of in the Scriptures, will rise like a phœnix from the ashes of the old. This will wax aged, like its inhabitants, and die; but like them it will be resurrected, and shine among the celestial planets forever. All this will take time, for without it nothing could be performed, not even by the Deity. He has been slowly but surely sanctifying this earth and its inhabitants ever since he created them. Slowly it seems to us, but in reality with all due promptness and dispatch; for God is a great economist, and unlike his creature man, is never guilty of wasting one moment of time. He is working incessantly, although we may not see him nor recognize his workmanship. He commenced 6,000 years ago to put into effect a plan whereby this world with its inhabitants might be redeemed and glorified. A plan devised in the eternal worlds, no one on earth can tell how long before, and known as the Gospel of life and salvation. It has been in operation on the earth at various periods in the world's history, and in every instance has accomplished the object of its introduction. This assertion to the worldly mind, in view of the many apparent failures of the efforts to convert the world to righteousness and establish the kingdom of heaven upon the earth, may savor somewhat of presumption. But it is man's blindness that is alone responsible for this view, for careful investigation clearly demonstrates that what are referred to as "apparent failures," are only *apparent* ones after all, and the majority of them were really the most glorious successes that have ever rewarded the purposes of Omnipotence. The crucifixion of Christ was not a failure in the plan of eternal life. His death was not the end of the deathless hopes which depended for their fulfillment upon that important event. He died that man might live, and in dying burst asunder the bands of death, and made the gloomy grave the very gateway of everlasting life. His sacrifice was the flower and fruition of success, and His murderers in the identical act, as they supposed, of defeating the object of His mighty mission, fulfilled the Prophets who had foretold, in that self-same event, the crowning triumph of His temporal career. Thus will the Lord cause the wrath of man to praise him, and thus forever will the schemes and efforts of His enemies, like the ebbing waves of the sea, roll back upon the heads of their authors and instigators; while far above, like a lighthouse upon a rock, towers the invincible cause of Christ, sending its bright beacon over the waters to warn the storm-tossed mariner against the treacherous breakers boiling below, and with its still small voice whispering out upon the tempestuous air: "*Zion prospers; all is well!* No more of a failure than the crucifixion of Christ, were the rejection of his Gospel by the Jews, its acceptance by the Gentiles, and their subsequent apostacy from its principles. These things were predicted and anticipated, ages prior to their fulfillment, and surely the fulfillment of pro-

phecy cannot be consistently called its failure. God's word may sometimes appear to fall, because man will persist in measuring it by the forbidden mete-wand of "private interpretation," but like "truth crushed to earth," it will rise triumphant from the ruins, and soar proudly aloft over every obstacle and opposing force.

But the "time of the end" is nigh, the judgment is almost ready to sit, the closing prophecies pertaining to this planet are knocking loudly for admittance at the door of literal fulfillment. The tired earth is completing the toils of its long and weary week, the shades of the Saturday night of human history are around us, and the sunlight of the Millennial Sabbath is about to dawn upon the unsuspecting world. And in the last days "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." The fulfillment of this oracle has begun. The little stone cut from the mountain is steadily rolling through the earth, which it is finally destined to fill. Like the minute mustard seed, which springs into a lofty tree and becomes a refuge for the fowls of heaven, the kingdom of God is developing from a tiny germ, taking time for its growth in order to grow powerful, and is already making its influence felt and recognized among the nations. With a farmer's boy for its founder, and six humble men as its organizers; with poverty for its cradle and companion, and priestcraft, wealth, and power for its foes, it has nevertheless taken giant strides in the direction of its destiny, and will eventually reach a height of grandeur and magnificence, never before equalled by any empire or government upon the globe. Unlike all others, it is the directly instituted work of Deity. It had the humblest of beginnings, it will have the highest of attainments. It can never be destroyed, but, as the prophets have predicted, it will break in pieces and subdue every hostile kingdom, and absorb and amalgamate all other powers that are permitted to remain. Its course is onward, upward, and eternal. Man may endeavor to oppose its progress, but he might better attempt to turn a raging river from its course. To obstruct that mighty stream, is but to spread its waters the wider; to momentarily check that invincible flood is but to aid it in gathering the accelerated force that will burst through and sweep down every barrier, as the irresistible torrent, overwhelming and carrying all before, triumphant thunders onward to the sea!

THE THIRD COMPANY.

The third company of this season's emigration sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday the 21st inst., per S.S. *Nevada*. The Saints were in charge of Elder Robert R. Irvine, and comprised seven different nationalities, divided as follows: Danish, Swedish and Norwegians, 694; Dutch 2; English, Scotch and Welsh, 204; returning Elders, 33; making a total of 933 souls, the largest company of Saints that has left these shores since 1873. The names of the Elders returning home are as follows: Robert R. Irvine, Stephen Tucker, J. L. Robison, O. C. Ormsby, Joseph Robinson, John T. Rich, William H. Apperley, Helon H. Tracy, David Spillsbury, Thomas L. Obray, Sybien Van Dyke, Simon Christensen, James T. Hanson, Jens Hansen, James

H. Hansen, Christen Christensen, Rasmus Olson, J. T. Jensen, James S. Jenson, L. Nielsen, J. P. Olsen, J. P. Larsen, H. E. Nielsen, Christian Hogensen, Oluf Tellefsen, L. K. Larsen, P. A. Lofgren, Sven Erikson, M. Jacobson, N. O. Anderson, C. P. Warnick, N. Henrikson, Andrew Larson. Thomas Allsop, a visitor, also returned to Utah. The company left in good health and spirits, with fair prospects for a successful voyage over the Atlantic.

GLASGOW CONFERENCE meetings will be held in the Upper Hall, 8 Watson street, off Gallowgate, at 11 a.m., and 2 and 6 p.m., Sunday, July 16th. President Carrington is expected to be present.

NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE meetings will be held in the Nile Street Assembly Rooms, Sunderland, at 11 a.m., and 2.30 and 6 p.m., Sunday, July 23rd. President Carrington is expected to be present.

CONFERENCE REPORTS.—A financial report for the quarter ending June 30, 1882, and a statistical report for the half-year ending on the same date, is wanted from each of the Conferences in Great Britain. Conference Presidents will greatly oblige by sending the same to this office, at their earliest possible convenience.

EMIGRANTS ARRIVED.—The May 17th Company, in charge of Elder Wm. R. Webb, arrived in Salt Lake City on Sunday the 4th of June. All were well with the exception of the family of Brother Parsons from London. One of his children died on the cars between New York and Utah, and three others of his children were severely ill at last accounts.

EMIGRATION.—The fourth company will leave Liverpool on Wednesday, August 30th, in the S.S. *Nevada*, Guion & Co.'s Line.

On account of a SPECIAL agreement, our rate of sea fares from Liverpool to New York CAN NOT, under ANY circumstances, be allowed to those who are NOT members of the Church. Strict attention to this instruction will save expense, time, and disappointment.

It is very desirable that all intending passengers (particularly those desiring intermediate berths) inform us as soon as convenient, stating full names and correct ages, and be in Liverpool as early as possible on Tuesday, August 29th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Leicester, June 16, 1882.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Having been released to return home after an absence of fourteen months, and not having written anything heretofore for publication in the STAR, I venture to do so at the present time.

Agreeable to my appointment as a missionary to the United States and Great Britain, I left Ogden City April 19, 1881, in company with forty-six other missionaries, some of whom were bound for the Northwestern and Southern States, and the others for Europe. Bidding the brethren a reluctant adieu at Ames, Iowa, I parted with them and went alone down into Schuyler County, Mo., where I labored for a short time

among relatives and friends. During my stay there I tried very hard in two or three towns to get a church, or school-house, or hall, to speak in, but owing to the hateful and persecutive spirit that still rankles in the hearts of the Missourians against the Saints of God, I failed in every instance save one. In this case the County Sheriff (an infidel) gave me permission to use the Town Hall.

Leaving Missouri, where I met with a few experiences which will never be forgotten, I went to Michigan, and remained a few days with relatives, and from thence to the State of New York, where in the counties of Oswego, Jefferson and Herkimer, I labored until Fall. During these months I found out fully and completely how wicked, hardened and sceptical a people may become after they have heard the Gospel preached in power and have rejected it. Forty years ago or more, David W. Patten, Orson Pratt, P. P. Pratt, F. D. Richards and many others of the ablest Elders of the Church traveled all through those parts, preaching the Gospel, building up Branches, etc., and ten or twelve years later the same counties, or parts of them, were visited again by Elders Benjamin F. Brown, Jesse W. Crosby and others, and the result is that the people who remain there are perfectly "Gospel-hardened," entirely given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind, and to preach the Gospel to them to-day seems as fruitless as the preaching of Noah to the antediluvians. Before leaving the State, however, I was led to the house of a man (not a native) who had never heard the Gospel, and after remaining three days with him, I had the privilege of baptizing himself, wife and two sons, and blessing two younger children. This gave me joy and satisfaction, for it looked like a reward for the summer's toil. Of the bitter opposition I met with at times, and the many threats and indignities received, I will say no more than that I came in for my share; but through the blessing of the Lord I was at all times able to bear an unanswerable and faithful testimony to the truth, and thus leave the wicked without excuse.

On October 18th, in company with twenty-six other missionaries, I for the first time left the New World to journey across the Atlantic to the Old. We had a very fine voyage. Our company, which was in charge of Elder R. R. Anderson, were treated with the greatest kindness by the ship's stewards and officers generally. Though quite ill for three days while on board, I shall always remember with pleasure our trip across the Atlantic in the Guion steamship *Abyssinia*. Since my arrival in this country, I have labored in the Leicester District of the Nottingham Conference. Here, in company with Elders C. H. Greenwell and H. J. Romney, I have enjoyed my labors exceedingly, and the more so from the fact that the Lord has seen fit to crown them with a degree of success. In the course of our labors we have had opportunities of bearing our testimonies to thousands of people, have been lavish in the distribution of the written word among them, and hope and trust that the good seed thus sown, or some of it at least, may have fallen upon fertile ground, to take root, spring up and bear fruit in after years. Besides the pleasure of baptizing a goodly number into the Church, I have, by writing home to friends and acquaintances, had the satisfaction of raising about £150 to assist in gathering the poor from this land to the land of Zion. To President George Stringfellow, and all the traveling Elders in the Conference with whom I have been associated from time to time, I can only say: Brethren, God bless you; I thank you all for your many words and acts of kindness, and the same to the brethren and sisters in the District where I have been laboring. The memory of their many deeds of kindness will never be forgotten, grow dim with age or fade away.

Praying God to bless the efforts of the Elders in this and all other lands, to spread abroad the principles of truth and righteousness, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,

HELON H. TRACY.

Broadbottom, June 21st, 1882.

President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I herewith present a brief report of my labors in the Oldham and Ashton District of the Manchester Conference. When I first came among my relatives to visit, previous to reporting myself at Manchester, I was greatly disappointed in finding that my father and my brother-in-law were both dead, and my sister left with four small children, while her property was all mortgaged, and so much in debt, that she had to move out of her own house and go into a smaller dwelling. It thus became my duty as a brother to help her out of her difficulty. I believe the course I pursued helped me to allay prejudice against us as a people in that part of the country, as it showed them we had true brotherly love and kindness for each other; such as is rarely found among the people here. It had a tendency to stir up the ministers around about where my sister lives, for since I came to England many of them have called to see her, and notice her more than they ever did before. There are but few who have not heard of my coming, and several of them have even called to see me, and I have been able to bear my testimony to them and get them to receive several tracts from me. They would invariably commence by throwing polygamy in my face, but I was soon able with the help of the Lord, to confound them on that point, and they would then make an excuse that they had not time to stay any longer and talk with me, either their tea was waiting for them at home, or if I happened to meet them in the lane, it was too cold to stop and talk. I have held a good many fireside meetings among my old-time friends and relatives, some of them opening their houses for me to hold meetings therein, but it is uphill work to get them to embrace the principles of life and salvation. However, I expect to have the pleasure ere long to see some of the fruits of my labors in that part, as well as I am already doing in other portions of my District. For most of the time since I came here, I have been traveling alone. In the first place I was appointed to travel with Elder Edwin Entwistle, but on account of the climate disagreeing with him, he was not able to move around much, in fact I was not very well myself during the cold foggy season of the year, but since then have felt well. We have had a very wet season. For the two months previous to this, I have had as traveling companion Elder M. F. Brown, and have much enjoyed his society, but on account of our District being rather small and the Saints so few and very poor, President Brown has thought it proper to separate us again. While we were together, we held an out-door meeting in a village called Comstall, near Marple, and had a very good congregation, who paid respectful attention. At the commencement I experienced a sensation something similar to that described by the Prophet Joseph Smith while praying in the wood at the time of his first vision. The power of darkness began to take hold of me, but I continued to pray, and it was all I could do to speak above a whisper; but the Lord gave me power to overcome it, although it made me quite sick and weak at the time. But when I began to speak, after Brother Brown had spoken, I don't know that I ever spoke with more power.

On last Saturday evening I was the instrument in the hands of the Lord of adding to the Church six members by baptism in the Oldham Branch, and there is a prospect of more additions in the near future in the same place, as well as in the Mellor Branch. I had the satisfaction of hearing my sister and some of her friends say last week that I should have to baptize them as soon as they could make it convenient. It makes about seventeen or eighteen that have been added to the Church in this District, nearly all of which I have witnessed since I came.

Ever praying for the welfare of all engaged in the Lord's great latter-day work, and hoping this will find you and all associated with you enjoying the best of health and the Spirit of the Lord, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,

HENRY LEYLAND.

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from Territorial Journals.)

Bear Lake Valley is afflicted with the measles.

Elder Jacob Gibson, the first sexton of Salt Lake City, is dead.

The work of the Lord is progressing steadily in the Southern States.

Apostle C. C. Rich, at last accounts, was considerably improved in health.

A flood at Spring City, Sanpete County, on the 29th of May, destroyed $4,000 worth of property.

Strikes are commencing for the season in the United States. Twelve hundred men have quit work in Chicago.

Deputy Marshal Spillsbury, of Toquerville, was recently robbed by highwaymen, about two miles from Bellevue.

Professor Wells, a noted æronaut, was in Salt Lake a few weeks ago, with the intention of treating the inhabitants to a baloon ascension.

Hon. Henry Slocum of Brooklyn, formerly a member of Congress and a friend of Utah's then delegate, Hon. W. H. Hooper, paid a visit to Salt Lake City lately.

Two male prisoners recently escaped from the Utah Penitentiary. One named Tremayne was recaptured, but the other, whose name is Black, made good his escape. Later news says he has been caught.

The Salt Lake police force have been "raiding" the gambling dens of that city. It's a pity it could not be said that they had been *ridding* the City of gambling dens.

Cleopatra's Needle—the one in New York—is being badly damaged by American weather, and will have to be roofed over to secure it against the wear of the elements.

Decoration Day, an occasion set apart throughout the United States for decorating with flowers the graves of departed soldiers, was observed in Salt Lake City on the 30th of May.

President William Budge, of Bear Lake Stake, reports matters in a state of progress in the settlements over which he presides. The crops only are backward, on account of cold weather.

Thomas Crane, of St. George, Southern Utah, was accidentally killed on the 23rd ult., by falling down a shaft of the Ash Creek Coal mine. He is said to have been a sober, industrious citizen.

Sarah C. Easthope, an aged lady of 80 years, while walking upon the track of the Utah Central Railroad, was overtaken and accidentally struck by a passing train and instantly killed. The fatality occurred May 31st.

A party of Boston tourists, numbering about 150 persons, attended Tabernacle service in Salt Lake City on Sunday the 28th ult., and paid close attention to the remarks of the speakers—Elder T. B. Lewis and President Wilford Woodruff.

Big Bear, an Indian chief, whose permanent residence is in British America, has crossed the boundary into U. S. territory for the purpose, he says, of hunting. He intimates his intention of taking no scalps, provided he is let severely alone, but if interferred with, he promises to fight to the death.

An army of black crickets invaded the little town of Santaquin recently. The ground was literally black with them; also the fences, trees and vegetation. The inhabitants immediately declared a war of extermination upon thm, and it is to be hoped succeeded in carrying it into execution.